

CHARIVARIA.

MR. REDMOND says that his motto is, "Full steam ahead towards the mouth of the harbour." He seems to forget that ships are sometimes wrecked at the harbour bar. In this instance the Bar is represented by Sir EDWARD CARSON and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

Sir ALMROTH WRIGHT's trenchant attack upon the militant suffragist movement comes from the house of CONSTABLE. It speaks well for the self-control of the Force that a Constable should not have hit back before this.

Sir ALMROTH declares that there are no good women. This is a bit rough on his mother—if the rumour that he had one be true.

Yet another millionaire has died, making the fifth who has done so during the present financial year. This willingness to help him out with his Budget is looked upon by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as valuable disproof of the statement that he is hated by the rich.

Mr. J. M. ROBERTSON's threat of withdrawing all postal facilities from Ulster has, it is reported, caused trouble between him and the POSTMASTER-GENERAL. Mr. ROBERTSON is said to have received the following peremptory and somewhat pathetic cable from America: "Hands off my letters—SAMUEL."

The Socialist delegates assembled in conference at Stuttgart have rejected a proposal for the erection of a monument to their late leader, Herr BEBEL. History is certainly against a Tower of Bebel being practical politics.

"Russia turns out the best dancers to-day," says a contemporary. "And India to-morrow," says Miss MAUD ALLAN.

Sir EDWARD HENRY has decided that there are to be special police vans for ladies. It only remains now to hope that these will be sufficiently patronised to make the experiment worth while.

"As a train went out of Paddington Station the other day," we are told, "there were in a third-class compartment two women smoking cigarettes and a man knitting." Let us hope for

the dignity of our sex that he was only knitting his brows at the sight of the brazen minxes.

Mr. BOURCHIER has been complaining that English theatrical audiences are unintelligent. Mr. BOURCHIER is one of our most popular actors.

"NEW HARDY PLAY," announces *The Daily Mail*. This is what theatrical managers have been wanting for some time. So many recent plays have lacked durability.

A play by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON will be produced shortly at the Little Theatre. Mr. CHESTERTON should be able easily to fill this tiny house.

Chicago aviator, has wooed and won a wealthy bride in his air-ship. It is unofficially reported that the words of the proposal were, "Will you be my ainess?"

Two boys, who are described as being scarcely out of their teens, held up the New York to New Orleans express train last week, and escaped with £20,000. This happened near Bibville, Alabama. The taking ways of Alabama coons have long been recognised, and, if names mean anything, Bibville must be the babies' own town, and these evidently develop into precocious youngsters.

From an observation made at Greenwich it has been proved that the "new" comet discovered by an Argentine astronomer is Westphal's comet, which returns every sixty-one years. The faithful little beast! The homing instinct in some comets is wonderful.

A volume on Girton College is to be added by Messrs. BLACK to their "Beautiful Britain" series. The girl students, who are so frequently accused of cultivating their brains to the detriment of their personal appearance, must be pleased at this vindication.

"Evidence showed that the accused had left a basket at the cloakroom. Later he called and asked to be allowed to go into the basket."—*Scotsman*.

But he couldn't escape the police like that.

Another Baboo Letter.

"HELL!

MY KIND MASTER, MISTRESS, & MISS SAHIB.—I handfully beg in your kind feet Sirs If truth is something on a world for God sake beleve to me. I am in a great distriess so I dont want any sort of trouble to master except take a few minutes to write a word to any of these under-mentioned officer who coming out to-India in next cold season weather any officer engage me on trial.

If I will get any job by masters kindness one doz hungry men will pray

Sir Excuse for bother

My humble salaam to all."

"MR. ILLINGWORTH PAYS.

Mr. Illingworth led through the turnstile and tabled the pier dues for the Chancellor." *Glasgow Evening Times*.

If the reporter had been listening as well as watching, he would have heard the CHANCELLOR say, as they walked up the pier, "ILLINGWORTH, you know I am a comparatively poor man."



THE PROBLEM OF DIVIDED IRELAND SOLVED BY A SIMPLE FEAT OF ENGINEERING—IF SCOTLAND MAKE NO OBJECTIONS.

A valuable old English Bible, printed in 1603, which was left in a public-house near Victoria Station, is, it is announced, now in the possession of the Pimlico police, who are anxious to discover the owner. It is thought that it must have been left there by an absent-minded divine.

A report just issued shows that only thirty-eight elephants were shot in the Eastern African Protectorate during 1911-12. This is due to the fact that heavy licence-fees are charged for killing elephants, and the sport is thus confined to millionaires who can hit hay-stacks.

The same report tells us that during the year nearly two hundred rhinoceros were bagged. This is too many. We should be sorry if these pretty creatures were to become extinct.

Mr. LOGAN VILAS, a prominent

THE PAVED COURT.

"FRANCESCA," I said, "you may as well save yourself further trouble. It is useless. You shall not interest me in the garden."

"But I *will* interest you in it," she said. "You must share with me the planning of these alterations."

"And that," I said vehemently, "is precisely what I refuse to do. I like the garden well enough as it is. It has flowers and shrubs and grass, and trees and beds and borders. There is a pond. There are lilies and gold fish in the pond. There is, I believe, a pergola; and there are vegetables. All these things are usual in a garden, and I have no personal objection to any of them; but when it comes to alterations——"

"And that is just what it *has* come to," she said.

"When it comes to changing things about I take no part in it; I let it flow over me, for I know it would be quite useless for me to say or do anything."

"And when it is all finished you suddenly become aware of it, though it's been going on under your very nose——"

"It is my best feature," I said.

"And then you ask wildly who has ruined your garden (*your* garden, indeed) by all these hideous changes. Oh, I know you, and I refuse to let you do it this time."

"Francesca," I said, "you are now uttering wild and whirling words. I cannot influence your determinations, but I can always say 'I told you so.' You could not think of robbing me of that poor privilege."

"I call it mere perversity," she said.

"Do you really, Francesca?" I said. "Surely that cannot be the right word. My mother and my Aunt Matilda have often told me that in early childhood I was bold, gentle, generous and affectionate. My fault, they said, if I had any, was an excessive softness of heart, but they never said a word about perversity."

"Your nature," she said, "must have altered."

"There you go again," I said. "You can think of nothing but alterations. Natures are not like gardens. They are not altered; they develop. Mine is still what it was, only more so."

"Hereditv," she said in the vague tone of one addressing herself, "is a strange thing. It was only yesterday that I had to correct Frederick for being perverse and unmanageable."

"Not harshly, I hope, for remember Frederick has your high spirit. He would not brook much correction."

"On the contrary, he brooked it like an angel. I've always said that little boy——" She paused.

"Is like his dear father." You meant to say it, Francesca, I know you did. Oh, why that cruel pause?"

"We will leave Frederick out of the question," she said.

"No, we will not," I said. "I did not drag him in, but, now that he is there, I mean to use him for all he's worth. Frederick is like me——"

"He is not," she said.

"He is," I said. "He may be led, but he will not be driven. You should appeal to his reason."

"Let us," she said, "resume the subject of the garden."

"Yes," I said eagerly, "let us. Where were we? Yes, I remember. You want to move the pond from its present retired position to the centre of the lawn. Do it. I approve. Frederick and the girls will tumble into it more readily, but what of that?"

"I never said anything about the pond," she said. "I was asking you——"

"How foolish of me," I said. "Of course it wasn't you who mentioned the pond. It was Mrs. Baskerville. She was saying the other day what a wonderful gardener you

were, and how beautiful the garden was, except for the position of the pond."

"The pond," said Francesca, "is going to remain where it is."

"Is that wise, do you think? I rather thought it would do the pond good to be moved; but, of course, if you really object I yield at once."

"No, no," she said, "I couldn't think of asking you to make such a sacrifice. It is for me to yield. We will move the pond."

"Francesca," I said, "I insist on yielding. The pond shall remain rooted to its rockery."

"Very well," she said; "I will let you yield about the pond, and I will yield about the little paved court."

"How so?" I said.

"I half thought of having it on the north side, but you said you didn't care for that. I give way at once. We will have it on the south side, where you thought the pond ought to be."

"But——" I said.

"I insist," she said. "Sometimes on wet days it will look like a pond."

"I am not sure," I said, "that a paved court is exactly what I wanted there."

"Now," she said, "you are going to be too generous. You are going to yield again."

"No," I said, "not quite that. I only want you to be quite sure about it."

"Oh, I'm that all right. It's the one place in the garden where a paved court ought to be."

"Aha," I said; "then you admit I was right in objecting to the north side?"

"Absolutely right," she said. "I can't think why I ever suggested it there."

"It's not a bad thing," I said, "to take advice now and then."

"An excellent thing," said Francesca. "I'll order the paving-stones at once and tell Macpherson to mark it out."

R. C. L.

THOUGHTS ON A GLITTERING BAUBLE.

(Inscribed with undying gratitude to "The Daily Mail.")

It filled me with a positive obsession

From merest infancy, this lust of fame;

A mewling cub, in moments of depression

I bawled my own, and not my nurse's name;

My conduct, sweet by turns and vitriolic,

Was ever aimed at rousing public bruit;

It was, indeed, of coroners and colic

I really thought when pouching stolen fruit.

And when I came to Culture's high academy

I carved my name on each conspicuous spot;

The Head observed it really was too bad o' me—

And oh, the handsome swishing that I got!

At length I bloomed in verse and gave some promise I'd

One day be famous by my Muse's dint;

Alas, I found, unless by wreaking homicide

On editors, I'd never bloom in print!

But now my woes are vanished, and the rigours

Of foiled ambition. Only yesternorn

Two million eyes (*cf.* official figures)

Perused my name in blazoned honour borne.

My long obscurity was lightning-riven,

My ears with fame were fairly thunder-stunned,

For I, by all the gods, had been and given

A penny to the High Olympic Fund!



ANOTHER PEACE CONFERENCE.

TURKEY (to Greece). "AHA! MY YOUNG FRIEND, ALONE AT LAST! NOW WE CAN ARRANGE A REALLY NICE TREATY."





Husband. "ERE, LET'S MOVE ON; IT'S GETTING LATE."

Wife. "OH, LET'S STAY AN' WATCH THE OLD GEEZER A LITTLE LONGER—IT'S JOHN ALBERT'S BIRTHDAY."

ARE GOLFERS SNOBBISH?

THE charge of snobbishness brought against golfers by ABE MITCHELL (late Mr. ABE MITCHELL) is one that has aroused quite as much interest as it deserves. Whatever grounds the eminent professional may have for his complaint, there appear to be reasons for both agreement and disagreement with his opinion.

One of our little band of special investigators has been making a few inquiries on a popular holiday course in the South of England. "Golfers snobbish?" exclaimed one breezy player with whom he discussed the question. "Bless my soul, not us! Why, only the other day—but you're not smoking. Have one of mine—half-a-crown for three, they cost, and worth it. Well, as I was saying, only the other day I played with a young chap down here, and what do you think he was? A bank clerk. Well, you know, I never said anything, not even when he beat me. And we had a drink together afterwards, just as if he was one of my own class. Here's another instance: last Tuesday I sent my caddie to ask a gentleman if he would play with me—a very ordinary-looking gentleman too. We got on very friendly until the ninth green. Then I asked him how many he had taken, and he said he thought it was

five. Now I had been watching him closely, and knew it was six, and I told him so. I also told him to be careful how he counted. Well, he took it quite calmly; he even apologised for his mistake—and yet, after the game was over, I was informed that he was Lord Dormy. Of course, when I saw him next day I went up and apologised. Not a bit snobbish, you see. No, MITCHELL's prejudiced. No use attaching any importance to these working men—I know them. Let me see, what paper did you say you represent? Oh, *do* you? Well, let me give you a lift in my car."

"Certainly, I consider golfers an intensely snobbish class," said a thoughtful-looking young man who was searching for a ball among the heather beyond the fourteenth. "For instance, those two men who have just gone through would have helped me look for my ball if they had been gentlemen, instead of shouting so rudely. I had an experience here three weeks ago which bears out MITCHELL's complaint. I arrived late, and only one player was waiting. So we agreed to play together. My handicap will, I hope, soon be 24; his, I believe, was 6. After all, as I said to him, a difference of eighteen is not serious—it might be more. He was a most uncommunicative man; he could

talk of nothing but golf, and when I tried him with SHAW, the principles of vegetarianism, eugenics and other topics upon which intellectual persons may converse, he was silent. I happened to mention that my father was a draper, and that, I believe, must have prejudiced him against me, for he has never offered to play with me since, and, indeed, appears to wish to avoid me. But one of the biggest snobs down here is a person with a woollen jacket. You may have seen him. I happened to get in a good brassie shot one day—better than I expected—and it fell rather near him. It may have even struck him. That is how I first noticed him. He is an offensively snobbish and uncompanionable person, in my opinion."

From the Rules of Winchester Football:—

"No player may back up a kick made by one of his own side or play the ball in any way, unless he was behind the ball at the time when it was kicked, or has afterwards gone back behind the point from which it was kicked, or has since been kicked by a player of his own side."

The most likely of these three saving conditions is that he will be kicked by a player of his own side for backing up too soon—thus automatically (as it were) becoming "onside" again.

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM.

*(An honest attempt to reduce the dangers
of the pedestrian.)*

HAPPENING to look over the garden wall the other day, I was surprised to see my neighbour Gibbs busily engaged with something in the nature of a perambulator. The contents of the perambulator bore a resemblance to a baby. Gibbs is a bachelor. Hence my surprise. I hailed him.

"Hullo! Have you got relations staying with you?"

"No."

"Friends?"

"No."

"Where did you get the baby then?"

"This isn't a baby. At least it isn't a real baby."

He turned towards me, and I noticed that he was dressed in the shabbiest of garments. He approached the wall. There was a strange look in his eyes.

"You don't own a motor, do you?" he asked.

I did not, and said so.

"Do you like motors?" he went on.

"Not unless I'm in one. And then I don't like other motors."

"Well, I'll tell you about it," he said. "I'm tired of being chased about the roads and driven down subways like a scared rabbit. I've declared war on all motor traffic. I smashed one fellow's windscreen not long ago—with my head."

"Didn't it hurt?" I asked.

"At the time, yes; but they managed to get my ear back into pretty much its old place, and after a while the pieces of my face came together again. It hardly shows—a nice piece of surgical work."

It was quite true. I could only just make out the scars.

"I've done a good deal to abate the cycle nuisance. But that was easier. A gentle push on the handle bar would be enough. But motor-cars are more difficult. There is no 'give' in a motor. 'Bus poles were bad enough, but motor-cars are worse. Horses didn't like treading on people, and the drivers were afraid of being put to a lot of expense

through killing you. I have known the driver of a hansom use the most dreadful language when he nearly ran over me. But I was a human life then. Now I am merely a third party risk. Insurance companies have a good deal to answer for."

"But you haven't explained what you do with the baby?" I asked.

"I once had a great success by dropping my cricket bag under a cyclists'

"I thought once of using real babies. But they're difficult to come by for the purpose, so I gave up the idea. I asked my sister for the loan of one of hers, but she was nasty about it. If you borrow them without asking the owner's leave there's apt to be a fuss, and I hate notoriety. Besides, you can get compensation for crockery but not for babies.

"I never try for more than five pounds' compensation. The first five pounds is generally 'owner's risk.' You can often scare five pounds out of a motorist while he's still weak from the shock of thinking it was a real baby. Over five pounds you run on to insurance companies, and they're very inquisitive.

"You have to dress the part, of course. I don't work the same pitch twice. The policeman on that beat might recognise you and get suspicious, if he should happen to arrive before the thing was quite over.

"In any case you get exercise and good sport at a small outlay, and sometimes you make a profit. And at the worst there is always the inspiring thought that you are striking a blow for the down-trodden pedestrian."

Dutch Courage.

"Finally there is, I think, the finest 18th hole in all the world. The tee shot must first be hit straight and long between a vast bunker on the left which whispers 'slice' in the player's ear and a he right which induces a

Times.

A quick pull at the whisky flask is more popular at St. Andrews.

The campaign against sensational headings recently illustrated in *Punch* does not find favour in the provincial Press. *The Bournemouth Daily Echo*, describing the illness of a member of the House of Commons, says:—

"A doctor was sent for, and the hon. gentleman was removed home. His condition is regarded as more or less serious."

This is headed:—

"M.P.'s SUDDEN DEATH."



Irishman (after ten years in the Colonies, arriving in Dublin during the recent riots). "HOOROO! THEN THEY 'VE GOT HOME RULE AT LAST."

A NASTY JAR.

[“There is no surer way to make a girl beautiful than to make her happy.”—HALL CAINE.]

I HAVE known fairer maids. Nay, I'll be frank,
And own her void of all external graces.
Lack-lustre hair and freckles joined to rank
Hers with the unattractive brands of faces.
Her friends (in sorrow) said that “dearest Jane”
Was almost preternaturally plain.

But I—I had the sense to look within.
What though her features might be fashioned rumly,
Plainness is seldom deeper than the skin;
Her soul might be comparatively comely,
The sort of simple spirit that would see
How clever was her husband (meaning me).

And so I made the (very) old request,
Behaved myself in much the usual fashion,
Save that perhaps the words of my behest
Proclaimed a slightly patronising passion.
I spoke—there came a negative reply.
O strange event! O oner in the eye!

Nor is that all. More painful to confess,
Far from repenting this egregious blunder,
Straightway she blossomed into loveliness,
Turning her fair companions green (with wonder).
And now each radiant feature bluntly mentions
Her joy at being rid of my attentions.

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

NOWADAYS, variety managers when in doubt go to America. No one objects to that, but unfortunately they do not stay there. They come back with “the goods,” or what they consider the goods. Hence the recent race between three of these enterprising gentlemen to see which could reproduce first in London a stage staircase effect which they had all seen simultaneously on the other side. The obvious house for it, the Scala, did not compete.

The new *revue* at the Opprobrium, which has been called (very properly) *Cheese It!* is absolutely packed with novel features. Among these is of course the wonderful staircase, on which five hundred carpenters were at work night and day. Another feature is a procession of the smartest dressed men in London, wearing all the latest things in socks, ties and waistcoats, who walk through the house from stalls to gallery and then round the parapet of the dress circle singing “The Glad-rag Rag.” All the company is American, but there are a few vacancies still for programme-sellers, for which English actors and actresses are invited to apply.

In addition to the very remarkable staircase effect which is offered at the Delirium, on which no fewer than eight hundred carpenters have been working, the new *revue*, called *Throw that Brick!* has a specially constructed slide from the gallery to the stage, by which the performers make their entry. There is also a Fur Chorus, consisting of the most beautiful women which a certain amount of money could tempt from the United States, all wearing different kinds of fur, the price of each being fixed to it in legible figures. Orders for similar articles are received in the box-office during each performance. The management wish it to be understood that the statement that no English performer is engaged in this theatre is a vile falsehood. One of the male chorus is English, as also is the call-boy.



Chief Officer. “A STOWAWAY, EH?”
Bo’sun. “WELL, NOT EXACTLY, SIR; ‘E ‘ARDLY GOT THAT FAR.
WE FOUND ‘IM WEDGED ‘ARF-WAY THROUGH A WATERTIGHT DOOR.”

The clever gentlemen who have adapted from the French the sparkling farce entitled *Les 100,000 Chemises*, under the title *Sign, Please!* have not stopped there. They have also arranged that the theatre shall be open every morning at eight for Tango Breakfasts and remain open for Tango Luncheons and Tango Teas, together with a ceaseless exhibition of the best under-clothes that can be obtained. All true lovers of the British drama must rejoice at their efforts.

“SOCIETY’S DIARY.”

The following list of engagements is published for general information and to assist Committees and others in arranging the dates of social functions so as to prevent inconvenient clashing:—

SEPTEMBER.

- 11—The Shanghai Cotton Manufacturing Co., Ltd., annual general meeting, at 5 p.m.
- 12—The Sungei Duri Rubber Estate, Ltd., annual general meeting at 4.30 p.m.
- 24—Annual meeting of The See Kee Rubber Estates, Ltd. 4.30 p.m.”

North China Daily News.

Really, life in China seems to be one constant whirl of gaiety.

“The horse shied and became unmanageable, struck a grass tree, and horse and rider came with great force to the ground. Mr. Courtts escaped with a broken neck, which he had given £25 for a short time previously and had to walk and carry his saddle and bridle.”

Lawloit Times.

Mr. Courtts should get a cheaper neck next time.

“In M. Pegoud’s first flight he rose to 3,000 feet, and flew with his wheels in the air a distance of over a mile.”—*Evening News*.
Six or seven years ago this would have sounded quite wonderful. Now it leaves us unmoved.

A TRUNK CALL.

LAST Wednesday, being the anniversary of the Wednesday before, Celia gave me a present of a door-knocker. The knocker was in the shape of an elephant's head (not life-size), and by bumping the animal's trunk against his chin you could produce a small brass noise.

"It's for the library," she explained eagerly. "You're going to work there this morning, aren't you?"

"Yes, I shall be very busy," I said in my busy voice.

"Well, just put it up before you start, and then if I have to interrupt you for anything important, I can knock with it. Do say you love it."

"It's a dear, and so are you. Come along, let's put it up."

I got a small screwdriver, and with very little loss of blood managed to screw it into the door. Some people are born screwists, some are not. I am one of the notes.

"It's rather sideways," said Celia doubtfully.

"Osso erry," I said.

"What?"

I took my knuckle from my mouth.

"Not so very," I repeated.

"I wish it had been straight."

"So do I; but it's too late now. You have to leave these things very largely to the screwdriver. Besides elephants often do have their heads sideways; I've noticed it at the Zoo."

"Well, never mind. I think it's very clever of you to do it at all. Now then, you go in, and I'll knock and see if you hear."

I went in and shut the door, Celia remaining outside. After five seconds, having heard nothing, but not wishing to disappoint her, I said, "Come in," in the voice of one who has been suddenly disturbed by a loud "Rat-tat."

"I haven't knocked yet," said Celia from the other side of the door.

"Why not?"

"I was admiring him. He is jolly. Do come and look at him again."

I went out and looked at him again. He really gave an air to the library door.

"His face is rather dirty," said Celia. "I think he wants some brass polish and a—and a bun."

She ran off to the kitchen. I remained behind with Jumbo and had a little practice. The knock was not altogether convincing, owing to the fact that his chin was too receding for his trunk to get at it properly. I could hear it quite easily on my own side of the door, but I felt rather doubtful whether the sound would penetrate into the room. The natural noise of

the elephant—roar, bark, whistle or whatever it is—I have never heard, but I am told it is very terrible to denizens of the jungle. Jumbo's cry would not have alarmed an ant.

Celia came back with flannels and things and washed Jumbo's face.

"There!" she said. "Now his mother would love him again." Very confidently she propelled his trunk against his chin and added, "Come in."

"You can hear it quite plainly," I said quickly.

"It doesn't re—rever—reverberate—is that the word?" said Celia, "but it's quite a distinctive noise. I'm sure you'd hear it."

"I'm sure I should. Let's try."

"Not now. I'll try later on, when you aren't expecting it. Besides, you must begin your work. Good-bye. Work hard." She pushed me in and shut the door.

I began to work.

I work best on the sofa; I think most clearly in what appears to the hasty observer to be an attitude of rest. But I am not sure that Celia really understands this yet. Accordingly, when a knock comes at the door I jump to my feet, ruffle my hair, and stride up and down the room with one hand on my brow. "Come in," I call impatiently, and Celia finds me absolutely in the throes. If there should chance to be a second knock later on, I make a sprint for the writing desk, seize pen and paper, upset the ink or not as it happens, and present to anyone coming in at the door the most thoroughly engrossed back in London.

But that was in the good old days of knuckle-knocking. On this particular morning I had hardly written more than a couple of thousand words—I mean I had hardly got the cushions at the back of my head comfortably settled when Celia came in.

"Well?" she said eagerly.

I struggled out of the sofa.

"What is it?" I asked sternly.

"Did you hear it all right?"

"I didn't hear anything."

"Oh!" she said in great disappointment. "But perhaps you were asleep," she went on hopefully.

"Certainly not. I was working."

"Did I interrupt you?"

"You did rather; but it doesn't matter."

"Oh, well, I won't do it again—unless I really have to. Good-bye, and good luck."

She went out and I returned to my sofa. After an hour or so my mind began to get to work, and I got up and walked slowly up and down the room. The gentle exercise seemed to stimulate me. Seeing my new putter in the

corner of the room, I took it up (my brain full of other things) and, dropping a golf ball on the carpet, began to practise. After five or ten minutes, my ideas being now quite clear, I was just about to substitute the pen for the putter when Celia came in.

"Oh!" she said. "Are—are you busy?"

I turned round from a difficult putt with the club in my hand.

"Very," I said. "What is it?"

"I don't want to disturb you if you're working—"

"I am."

"But I just wondered if you—if you liked artichokes."

I looked at her coldly.

"I will fill in your confession book another time," I said stiffly, and I sat down with dignity at my desk and dipped the putter in the ink.

"It's for dinner to-night," said Celia persuasively. "Do say. Because I don't want to eat them all by myself."

I saw that I should have to humour her.

"If it's a Jerusalem artichoke you mean, yes," I said; "the other sort, no. J. Arthur Choke I love."

"Right-o. Sorry for interrupting." And then as she went to the door, "You *did* hear Jumbo this time, didn't you?"

"I believe that's the only reason you came in for."

"Well, one of them."

"Are you coming in again?"

"Don't know," she smiled. "Depends if I can think of an excuse."

"Right," I said. "In that case—"

There was nothing else for it; I took up my pen and began to work.

But I have a suggestion to make to Celia. At present, although Jumbo is really mine, *she* is having all the fun with him. And as long as Jumbo is on the outside of the door there can never rise an occasion when I should want to use him. My idea is that I should unscrew Jumbo and put him on the *inside* of the door, so that I can knock when I come out.

And when Celia wants to come in she will warn me in the old-fashioned way with her knuckles . . . and I shall have time to do something about it.

A. A. M.

"The members of the various committees appointed yesterday to administer the affairs of the North of Ireland in the event of Home Rule coming into operation, found on arrival in the hall that most business-like arrangements had been made for their accommodation. To each of these committees had been allotted a separate table, with writing materials and all facilities for preliminary work."

Liverpool Courier.

Surely *this* will bring Mr. ASQUITH to his senses.

THE COMMERCIAL DOUBLE-LIFERS.

[“Curious stories come to light occasionally of men who are ‘something in the City,’ but who conceal from their wives and families the true nature of their humble occupations.”—*Daily Paper.*]



WHO WOULD IMAGINE THAT THIS APPARENTLY DE-CREPIT SPECIMEN OF THE SUBMERGED TENTH



COULD BE NO OTHER THAN MR. —, THE MOST FAMOUS AMATEUR ON THE LURBITON LINKS, WHOSE WEEK-END PERFORMANCES DRAW CROWDS FROM THE REMOTEST SUBURBS?



MR. —, OF STREATHAM, HAD AN ANXIOUS MOMENT SOME DAYS AGO AT HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS.



A GENTLEMAN OF EAST SHEEN FINDS SOME DIFFICULTY IN PREVENTING HIS FAMILY FROM KNOWING THAT HE ACTS AS A PORTER AT BILLINGSGATE.



A SECRET CHIMNEY-SWEEP, WHO LIVES AT RAYNES PARK, LEAVING HIS HOME AT DAYBREAK.



THE WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF MR. —, OF GOLDER'S GREEN, KNOW NOTHING OF HIS EMPLOYMENT BUT THAT HE GOES TO THE CITY DAILY TO ATTEND BOARD MEETINGS—



AND, IN A SENSE, THIS IS TRUE.



INVADERS OF DEBRETT.

SCENE—The drawing-room at Mercia Castle, where the Duke and Duchess of Mercia have a large family party for the shooting.

TIME—After dinner.

The Duchess (to her daughter). "HOW ARE WE GOIN' TO AMUSE OURSELVES TO-NIGHT, DEAREST?"

Lady Edelfleda. "WHAT D'YOU SAY TO A PERFORMANCE OF *THE GIRL FROM NOWHERE*, MAMMA? YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT, YOU KNOW, AND"—(with a glance round at her numerous and beauteous sisters-in-law)—"WE'VE THE LEADING LADY HERE—AND HALF THE CHORUS!"

IT'S THOROUGH AS DOES IT.

AN American cablegram states that a wealthy citizen of Auburn, N.Y., has just entered the State penitentiary. "He has taken this method of becoming a convict in order to learn from actual experience just what goes on inside the penitentiary, and will afterwards use his experiences in his prosecution of reforms. In order to do the thing quite regularly he was committed by a judge who is an intimate friend of his. He will remain thirty days in the prison, and on his entrance to-day he was shaved and served out with the striped costume of a convict. During his sojourn he will fare precisely as the other prisoners do."

A convict in the same prison, on hearing of this experiment, expressed his desire to test for a few weeks the social and economic conditions of the life of a wealthy Auburn citizen; but so far he has been unable to begin.

None the less his wish indicates how keen the American empirical mind can be.

Fired by the example, many of our own public men have been investigating up to the hilt. Sir HERBERT BEER-BOHM TREE, we learn, wishing to know exactly what were the feelings and aspirations of a limelight man, himself took a turn in the flies. The first time, by some curious chance, he seems to have held the lantern in such a way that all the rays fell on his own person; but, after some practice, he succeeded in occasionally illuminating part at least of the stage. Sir HERBERT, however, in spite of this progress is disposed to continue as actor-manager.

With extraordinary self-abnegation one of our most widely-read novelists, whose books do not exactly steal on tip-toe and with finger on lip into the light of day, has been endeavouring to discover what it feels like to be both modest and unknown. He was dis-

covered the other day by his publisher in the habit of a Carthusian monk committing to memory the poem which begins—

Down in a sweet and shady bed
A modest violet grew.

The publisher, in his astonishment, could only exclaim, "What is this that thou art giving us?"

The rumour that Mr. ROCKEFELLER was found recently in a workhouse disguised as a very hairy old pauper still requires confirmation; but we should not be surprised.

Our Stylists.

"Drawing the Miller's plantation, they found a litter of cubs, dusting them well about, but did not kill. They next moved on the Dean, and found a good show, rattling them well about. One cub broke at the top end, and made for Timprim, which they killed in a small plantation, from which another fox came out, they hunted him, which went into a field of standing corn. The hounds being called off, then went home."—*Scotsman*.



SECOND THOUGHTS.

Mr. JOHN REDMOND. "FULL SHTEAM AHEAD! (*Aside*) I WONDHER WILL I LAVE THIS CONTRAIRY LITTLE DIVIL LOOSE, THE WAY HE'D COME BACK BY HIMSELF AFTHERWARDS?"

MR. CARRUTHERS.

PICKING up a paper a fortnight or so ago I read this: "Never find fault with or criticise your husband directly. If you dislike his ways, criticise the same thing in another person, and your husband will be likely to take the hint."

Let me say at once that this is not true. He is unlikely to take the hint, as I can prove. Nor is it wise counsel either. On the contrary, it is fraught with danger, and my advice to all wives is to have nothing to do with it, but, when they have fault to find, to find it in the good old-fashioned style—right out.

Listen.

For the moment I was taken with the idea, and decided to try it. Henry (my husband) has not a few vexatious ways that get on my nerves, one of which is rising from the table directly he has finished his meal, no matter at what stage I, who am a slower eater, happen to be. Having previously said nothing about this I chose it as my opening experiment.

"I lunched with Mrs. Carruthers to-day," I said casually at dinner.

"Did you?" Henry replied. "Is it a nice house?"

"Quite," I said.

"And what is Carruthers like?" he asked. (I may say that Mrs. Carruthers is a new acquaintance.)

Now, as a matter of fact, Mr. Carruthers was not there at all; but obviously this kind of corrective treatment demands inventive power in the corrector or it cannot go on; for how is one actually to find men with all one's husband's bad habits?

"Oh," I said, as non-committally as possible, "the ordinary kind of man. But he has one detestable mannerism."

"Only one?" Henry answered easily.

"One very noticeable one to-day," I replied. "He got up and left the table directly he had finished."

"While you were still eating?" Henry asked with interest.

"Yes."

"The low swine!" said Henry; and, even as he said it, he threw down his napkin and sauntered off, although I had but just begun a pear.

What was I to do? In the ordinary way I should have drawn attention to his own inconsistency, but the paper so particularly said that direct means were to be avoided; and I therefore sat on dumb and enraged.

A day or so later I tried again, and again I employed Mr. Carruthers as my terrible example.

Henry has a very annoying—more than annoying, exasperating—way of stealing my tunes. After a visit to the



MORE TELEPHONE TROUBLES.

"WHAT! YE CAN'T HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN'? WELL THEN, REPEAT WHAT YE DIDN'T HEAR AN' I'LL TELL IT YE AGAIN."

theatre or a *revue* I naturally find certain memories of the music in my head, and it amuses me to hum them over. This I can do accurately. Now whatever Henry may be doing when I begin, even perhaps humming something himself, he at once takes up my tune; and what fun is there in continuing with it then?

Very well. I decided to make a second attempt to cure him in the newspaper's way, and to attack this humming tendency.

Mrs. Carruthers had been to tea, and I mentioned this to Henry.

"I suppose you dissected your wretched husbands?" he said.

"She certainly talked a little about hers," I replied, with a terrible glibness that nearly frightened me. As a matter of fact she had not mentioned him.

"Complained, I suppose?" said Henry.

"Oh no, she's too loyal for that," I

replied. "But she said that there is one thing he does—harmless enough, no doubt, but irritating beyond words: no sooner does she begin to hum a tune than he hums it too, although he has no ear."

Henry whistled. "He does that, does he?" he exclaimed. "Then I quite agree with his wife. That sort of thing would make me just rabid. One's own humming is sacred. By jingo, yes. This Carruthers seems to be no end of a blighter," he added.

Again I was foiled, and I determined to have no more to do with the scheme, but in future to make any effort towards correction openly and honestly and forcibly. And no doubt I should be doing so but for an occurrence, only this afternoon.

Henry, very unlike his custom, came in to tea, and a Mrs. Vyse was there, a new neighbour returning my call.

We talked the usual small talk, and

she was just going when she remarked, "You know my friend Mrs. Carruthers, I think?"

I said that I had recently made her acquaintance.

"You'll love her," said Mrs. Vyse. "Such a dear! And such a sad life! But she never mentions it—never complains."

I began to feel vaguely alarmed.

"Yes," Mrs. Vyse repeated, "you'll love her."

"But not her husband," Henry replied, with a laugh. "We shall never love him—not with that deadly way he has of leaving the table directly he has finished gobbling his food and all his other little tricks. Oh no, not Carruthers!"

Mrs. Vyse looked suddenly both grave and perplexed. "You needn't worry," she said at last. "You are not likely to meet Mr. Carruthers. Mr. Carruthers has been separated from his wife for two years."

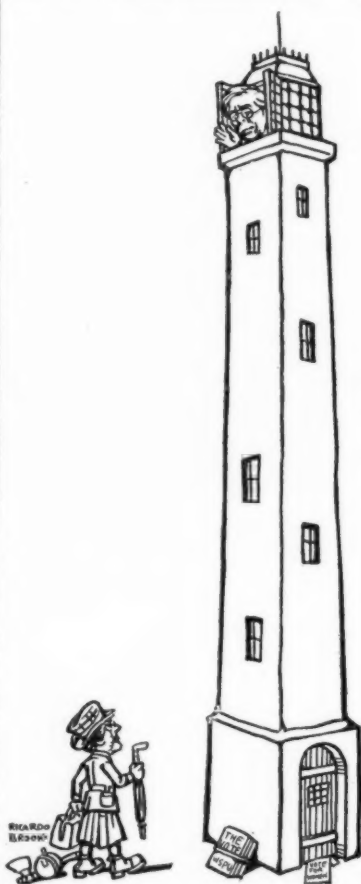
And now what chance have I to take any line at all about anything my husband does?

WASTED TALENT.

WE dwellers in a provincial town like Brookmouth find much to excite our wonder in the enterprise of the London halfpenny papers. Every morning we are confronted with fresh evidence of it; every morning we are, so to speak, invited to take off our hats to *The Megaphone*, *The Daily Snap*, *The Watchman*, *The Morning Spout*, *The Roarer* and *The Wireless*. Only *The Trumpeter* lags behind in the competition for our respectful admiration.

It is all very flattering to Brookmouth. Great events are taking place in the busy world without. Day by day the problem of the Home Rule Bill grows more insistent and more serious; airmen fly on their heads; desperate battles are fought out on the football pitch; the investments of the Liberal Party Funds are fiercely discussed; new books are published and banned; new plays are produced and withdrawn; there are earthquakes, fires and fights in foreign parts. Yet yesterday *The Megaphone* announced on its placard, "Summer returns to Brookmouth"; *The Daily Snap* said, "Great Heat in Brookmouth"; *The Watchman*, "Brookmouth Revels in the Sun"; *The Morning Spout*, "The Brookmouth Thermometer Soars"; *The Roarer*, "Autumn or Summer in Brookmouth?"; *The Wireless*, "Sol favours Brookmouth." *The Trumpeter* merely said, "Home Rule Conference Development."

And what a *flair* they have for items of local interest! Some time ago there appeared in one of our Church magazines a jocose remark by the genial vicar of St. Aloysius with regard to the consumption of buns at Sunday-school treats. "The Ban on the Bun," announced *The Megaphone* next day.



HISTORY IN THE MAKING.

THE UNCHIVALROUS SIR ALMBROTH DENYING HIS IDENTITY TO FAIR CALLER AT FIRE-PROOF RETREAT, WHERE HE IS RESTING AFTER NERVOUS STRAIN OF WRITING *THE UNEXPURGATED CASE AGAINST FEMALE SUFFRAGE*.

"Buns in Peril at Brookmouth," cried *The Daily Snap*. "The Bun-bursting Vicar," exclaimed *The Watchman*. "To Bun or not to Bun?" asked *The Morning Spout*. "A Hot and Cross Bun Outburst," facetiously said *The Roarer*. "Vicar's Maxim at Brookmouth," still more facetiously said *The Wireless*. "Renewed Fighting in the Balkans," said *The Trumpeter*.

And I could multiply examples indefinitely. As I have remarked, it is very flattering to Brookmouth and it

reveals extraordinary enterprise on the part of *The Megaphone*, *The Daily Snap*, *The Watchman*, *The Morning Spout*, *The Roarer*, and *The Wireless*. All the same, it is a little curious that these clever young sub-editors, or whoever they are, do not realise that we should never dream of buying a London daily paper in order to read about Brookmouth. We can do that quite well in our local journals.

That is why I, for one, always take in *The Trumpeter*.

THE PLAINT OF PERCY ILLINGWORTH, Esq., M.P.

In a moment of expansion
I engaged a ducal mansion
On a most romantic island on the Clyde,
Where, remote from work and worry,
And the aftermath of MURRAY,
I intended in seclusion to reside.

But the attitude of Ulster
And the leaders who've convulsed her
With incentives to the wickedest of crimes,
Has dispelled the blissful vision
Of a holiday Elysian,
And prompted LOREBURN's letter to *The Times*.

No more the strains melodic
Of the pipes are heard at Brodick;
No more I taste the pleasures of the chase;
But in sequence swift and sinister
Comes Minister on Minister
To mar the ancient magic of the place.

It's nuts for the snapshotters,
And the journalistic jotters
Who desecrate the glories of Goatfell,
And it's worth a small Bonanza
To the natives of Loch Ranza
And the people who the picture post-cards sell.

But JOHN REDMOND down in Kerry
Has been anything but merry,
And his prophecies are very far from smooth;
And the culpable omission
From our Island coalition
Of LARKIN stirs the ire of HANDEL BOOTH.

In the Session I am reely
Rather fond of GEORGE and SEELY
And the merits of young WINSTON
can applaud;
But to have them here, all talking
When I want to go out stalking,
Turns my holiday into an Arrant fraud.

Mixed Farming.

"About 1803, an Officer named Macarthur started wheat-growing in Camden with a couple of Spanish Merino sheep given him by George III."



Mother (to Mabel, who has fallen over map). "BUT HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT, DARLING?"
Mabel. "I—I—C-COMED IN BEFORE I C-COMED."

THE HISTRION.

OBSERVE, from Jasper Jones' ascent
To Fame, how art may circumvent
A natural impediment.

Designed in Nature's finest mould,
With eyes of blue and hair of gold,
With smile at once refined and bold,

A figure of compelling height,
A size of waist exactly right,
He was a most attractive sight,

And built to act the leading part,
The central Earl, the lime-lit Bart.,
Who wins or breaks the Prima's heart.

But mark the flaw: his twang was such
As irked his hearers very much,
Having the strongest Cockney touch.

In every line he had to say
His *h's* always went astray
And gave his origin away.

It makes me shiver even now
When I, who know, remember how
He spoke that dreadful diphthong
"—ow."

But yet he got there all the same,
So that the Stage's scroll of fame
To-day is headed with his name.

And once a month, but never less,
His portraits fill the picture press,
In every pose, in every dress.

And high-born flappers, taught to ban
The coarse or vulgar, think him an
Ideal English gentleman;

Nay, murmur passionately, "Ah!"
When, taken by a kind papa,
They see him act . . . in cinema.

R.S.V.P.

THERE can be little doubt that instruction in English literature could be made more interesting if presented in some fresh form, and the following examination paper is put forward as an attempt to direct the minds of examinees into new channels:—

QUESTION I.

"Old Caspar's work was done."

What was old Caspar's work? Is there any reason other than the statement that it was done, for suggesting that it was not that of a Panel Doctor?

QUESTION II.

"Tears, idle tears."

Why were they unemployed? Suggest schemes for utilising their labour.

QUESTION III.

"I must learn Spanish one of these days."

What particular Conversation Course had the speaker in mind when making this resolve?

QUESTION IV.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed."

Did it?

QUESTION V.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

By means of what newspaper Apartment List was the writer ultimately suited?

QUESTION VI.

"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

Was this instruction addressed to a properly qualified member of the Institute of Surveyors? If not, why not?

"An article in the *Engineering Supplement* examines the possibility of using existing telephone lines for telephonic purposes."—*Times*.

It is hoped that telephone subscribers will not be unduly elated by this possibility. The thing will probably fall through in the end.

LAST WORDS ON THE CLOTHING CONTROVERSY.

(An irresponsible protest.)

WHEN ADAM'S wife was first advised

To study fashion, I should say
Her modest wardrobe advertised
That vanity had come to stay;
And vainer generations wore,
As time went on, a little more.

(To overclothe the human form
Makes men of morals rage and storm.)

But now, when modern Eve aspires

To alter this, and just to wear
The minimum our clime requires,

It seems, to say the least, unfair
That virtue's guardians should unite
In blaming her for doing right.

Such steps towards a simpler state
No moralist should deprecate.

Not such am I. But I protest

The world is brighter since the Fall,
And life would lose an interest

If people wore no clothes at all,
But stalked about with nothing on—
Their most delightful foible gone.

How very dull to have a reign
Of perfect innocence again!

PRACTICAL HINTS ON GOLF.

(With full acknowledgments to our illuminating contemporaries.)

I.—THE ART OF LONG DRIVING.

THERE is no doubt that the player who can drive a long ball from the tee gets further than his less fortunate *confrère* who is a short driver. Much has been, and will be, written on the art of long driving. How is this desideratum of all followers of the Royal and Ancient Game to be attained? That is what I am about to tell you.

Some men when going all out for a long one from the tee play their ball with a little pull on it; others merely drive a straight ball down the middle of the course. Anyway, as I have said, the player who hits a long ball gets further than the one who hits a short ball, and consequently he needs a shorter shot to reach the green with his second.

Speaking of reaching the green reminds me of two of the most remarkable shots I ever witnessed. I was playing for the Championship of Texas, U.S.A., in 19—. My partner was Mr. "Slick" Samson, the celebrated professional amateur. At the 14th he putted his drive into the rough. When we came up to the ball it was neatly cupped in a lark's nest which contained four eggs. Now I am betraying no secret when I say that, on the three

previous greens, Samson had been put off by the incessant singing of a skylark, and had missed holing three 35 feet putts in succession: a most unusual thing for him. I therefore expected to see him take his revenge by lifting nest, eggs, and ball all on to the green together with his niblick. But I was disappointed. Instead, he took his mashie and played the ball with such nicety that it landed dead within 2 feet of the pin, and the eggs remained in the nest unbroken; not even cracked.

Strange to say, the other remarkable shot was made by the same player on the same course. The game was all square at the 17th. We both had good drives at the 18th; but Samson had the misfortune to find a rabbit-hole, his ball lying about 8½ inches inside the front entrance. Here was a quandary! It was the only rabbit-hole on the course, and had been constructed subsequent to the drafting of the local rules, so that no provision was made for this contingency. If he picked up, it meant losing the match. He walked forward, towards the green, with a worried look on his face. Then, returning, he took his niblick and hit with tremendous force. The ball disappeared down the rabbit-hole. Imagine, if you can, our undisguised amazement when it bolted out of Brer Rabbit's back-door, about 5 yards from the green, and came to rest within 2 feet of the pin. (If I recorded the exact distance—6 inches—many golfers might be tempted to doubt my veracity.) Needless to say, I lost the hole and the match.

But I am digressing. I merely mention these two shots because I am trying to get a good length with my article, which reminds me that "The art of long driving" is the subject under discussion. Well, I hope that, after a careful perusal of these few practical hints, you will find that you are consistently getting a longer ball from the tee than you did formerly. If you succeed in doing this you will experience a feeling of true satisfaction.

Next week I hope to publish (in another journal.—Ed.) a few hints on "The art of approaching."

"Promoters of all kinds of public meetings and entertainments should assimilate the lesson contained in the appended extract from an appreciative letter addressed to the Editor of this Journal. The writer, a consistent and persistent advertiser, evidently knows a good thing when found, and quite unsolicited by us, has written as follows:—

"I write because I find that a good make a difference to the size of the notice in your excellent paper DOES audience."—*Enfield Gazette*.

Another time he should be asked not to write.

THE COMMON ROUND.

JOHN looked important and mysterious. "The fact is," he announced, "Eva and I are going to get married."

"Ah!" said I, "so that is why you got engaged, is it?"

"Yes. Three weeks to-morrow. We shall want a parson, a bridesmaid or two and a best man. There is work for all. Will you help?"

"What will it cost me?" I asked. "You know, you have omitted to mention the other things you want and, I have no doubt, mean to have. Look here—will you take five shillings in cash and the rest by monthly instalments?"

John protested that he would be quite content with my mere blessing, so fine a fellow was I (as I am).

"Good," I said. "But then there is always Eva's point of view. Hadn't we better get straight to business? What about a sugar-sifter?"

"It's awfully kind of you, old boy, and there is nothing we should have liked better. But Eva and I intend to live quite simply, and we feel that the six sugar-sifters we have already received will see us through."

"Has anybody suggested giving you the wedding-ring? You'll probably find you want one when you get to the church... Or what about half-a-dozen novels, with PRESENTATION COPY neatly stamped on the inside cover?"

"Wouldn't the publishers be hurt if they found out?" he asked. "Give us any old thing, if you insist. We don't mind what."

"I simply don't believe you," I said. "I am quite certain that you have put your two heads together and made out a list. Produce it."

He produced it and began to read aloud. "We shall want a house and some furniture to put inside it. Cheques will be accepted in payment or part-payment. Tantalism strictly prohibited, but we are open to salvers, cutlery, entrée dishes..."

"Start at the other end," I suggested.

"Ash-tray, blotting-pad, Bradshaw cover, ink-pot..."

"Times are bad, but not quite so bad as all that. Try the middle."

"Breakfast-service, tea-service, dinner-service."

"Don't you intend taking lunch?" I asked.

"Apparently not, but we make up with an extra dinner-service, called the dessert-service. The nut-crackers, nut-pickers, nut-scrappers have already been supplied."

"Then," I declared, "I will give you the nuts."

"Or," said John, "what about the Jubilee port?"

* * * * *

The function was a complete success, and I filled my part to the last item. I can never be too grateful to Eva for choosing so charming a Chief Bridesmaid as Gladys, for I take it that, whatever she had been like, it was my duty (as Best Man) to fall in love with her. I opened the subject by complimenting her on her choice of a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service, which I considered much superior to the other three samples of the same convenience appearing among the numerous and costly presents.

"Let's go and look for yours," she said, but I felt that what I had to say could best be said in a more private corner.

"Probably they couldn't hold back and drank it last night," I said, as I led her apart. . . . The result of our conversation was such that I foresaw that a schedule of our own would become necessary at a later stage. So I felt I could not do better than make a list of the presents that John and Eva had received.

* * * * *

When John had recovered from his wedding, I thought that it was high time to be getting on with my own. So I called upon him.

"I have here," I said, "a list . . ."

"Splendid," he answered, with a great show of enthusiasm. "If you will forgive an experienced man advising you, I may say that the whole question of conjugal happiness depends entirely upon what you drink and when. Have you, for instance, a First-Thing-in-the-Morning Tea-service on your list?"

"We have," said I.

John was inclined to be jubilant, but Eva, who was standing by and has a better memory for detail, checked him.

"We have never ceased to be grateful for Gladys's delightful gift," said she. "I don't know what we should do without it."

I think that perhaps John did know, but he had learnt wisdom in this short time and said nothing.

"Have you a sugar-sifter on the list?" asked Eva, tentatively.

"Six," said I. "But perhaps I ought to tell you that it is in some ways a peculiar list and contains only the things we can do without."

"Does it even include," asked Eva in desperation, "the handsome marble timepiece John's Uncle Frank gave us?"

"Underlined in red ink," I stated, "and marked with an asterisk by way of special caution."

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE.



OLD STYLE.



NEW STYLE: INSPIRED BY AMERICAN TAILORING.

John tumbled to it at last. "It looks to me," he said, "as if we shall have to buy you something."

I deprecated this extreme measure. "No, no. Our list doesn't include everything you had given you."

Eva brightened visibly. I think she had the foolish hope of getting rid of the antimacassars of the faithful retainer.

"We haven't included the cheques," I explained. "If you're pressed for room, we could take over a couple or so of those."

From a list of wedding presents in *The Oxford Chronicle*:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Ashbee, 'Prometheus' (unbound)."

How mean!

"Dorothy Forster's New Song: DEAREST, I BRING THEE DAFFODILS (in the press.)" *Advt.*

Pressed flowers are all very well, but we fancy Dearest would prefer them fresh.

"Always use rain-water for the face if you want to keep your complexion. If you live in a town, strain the rain-water through the leg of an old stocking. This removes the black."

Home Chat.

From the stocking.

Directions for use of —'s Tonic Lotion:—

"Unscrew the cap on top, and apply to the roots of the Hair, and then well brush."

We always brush our cap *before* putting it on the hair.

THE SORCERESS.

THERE are two outside doors to our offices, one to the waiting-room for our clients, and the other to our sanctum (marked "PRIVATE") to let my partner or myself out by when the typist announces the arrival of a tradesman's emissary on a matter of an "Account rendered."

On Tuesday last my partner and I were earnestly discussing the latest phases of the Insurance Act when there occurred a gentle tapping at the door marked "PRIVATE." My partner went deathly pale, but having paid my tailor the previous week and sent a post-dated cheque to the Gas Company, I rose with an easy grace, opened the door and closed it behind me. I found myself in the passage—I usually do on these occasions, so was not particularly surprised at the scenery—and facing a charming girl of about twenty-two, as near as I could judge. She smiled sweetly; I bowed. In her hand was one of those small yellow leather cases that people of either sex so often carry, big enough to hold night-gear and a tooth-brush, or possibly a couple of small bombs.

As my fair visitor continued to smile and say nothing, I mentally ran over the list of people I ought to know and don't always recognise, but I couldn't place her.

"It's no good," I said. "I'm sorry. I ought to remember you, but frankly I don't!"

Still she smiled.

"I say, you know," I said, "you might let me into the secret."

At last she made an effort to speak but failed; so, fearing that she was very nervous, I said cheerfully—

"Do you mind coming round to the outer office; there's no one there, and we can have a heart to heart talk about this little matter?"

"Now," I said, when she was seated, "are you a niece who has grown out of all recognition? If so, I will fall on your neck. I adore my relations, especially those who are strangers to me. Can I say more?"

At last her voice managed to force its way through the pearly portals, and she spoke.

"Do you wear—er—neckties?"

As I happened to be wearing my tennis-club tie—and the Ealing Ramblers' tie is universally execrated by jealous outsiders for its obtrusiveness—the question seemed unnecessary.

"Well, yes," I said, "funnily enough I do, when I don't forget to put one on."

Almost unconsciously I put my hand to the tie enclosure.

"I haven't forgotten it to-day, you

see," I said with one of my most brilliant smiles.

Her eyes followed the direction of my hand and she smiled again, rather broadly I thought.

Then she began to fumble with the clasp of the leather case. Her hand shook. Clearly she was a beginner.

"Allow me," I said. "If you have a tie to pit against mine I will accept the challenge."

"What I want to show you," she said, "is not so—er—striking, but much more wonderful."

She opened the case, exposing two or three dozen neatly-folded neckties, and, running her finger lightly over an octave or so, selected a black silk one with a purple *leit motif*.

"There," she said, holding it poised lightly in her left hand.

"Well, what about it?" I said. "Very nice design, certainly, but—"

"Wait," she said, making a swift movement with her left hand and gently stroking the tie with her right.

I thought I must be suffering from myopia; in place of the purple spots were white triangles, parallelograms and other geometric shapes dotted about on the black silk. Before I had time to express my astonishment the sorceress executed two more feats of legerdemain, the colour and shape of the pattern changing with each feat.

"Look here," I said, trying to suppress my excitement, "if you can teach me to perform these mysteries and your terms are not too high, I will have one of your conjuring outfits."

"Eighteenpence," she said briefly, laying the tie on the table.

I turned it over and over. Each end had a different pattern on each side or face of it—four neckties for eighteenpence!

"This," I said, "is the greatest thing that has happened. I'll have two ties, that is to say eight, making one for each day of the week and one over for Saturday *matinées*. "I can see myself," I said, weighing out my three shillings, "being soon spoken of as the best dressed man in Ealing."

"Thank you so much," she said. "This is my first attempt at selling things. Wouldn't your partner like to have some?"

I had no intention of letting William into this good thing. I brook no rivals. "Come, come," I said; "you are a woman. Let me appeal to your sense of human nature. Do you give away the name of your dressmaker to your best friend?"

"No," she said, with a sigh. "I suppose you are right."

I wished her good luck and good morning and, after studiously seeing

her off the premises, re-entered the sanctum.

"There, my lad," I said, spreading out my purchases. "A complete necktie outfit, except for evening wear and funerals."

William turned them over contemplatively. "You ass," he said, "what about the part that goes round your silly neck? There will be a different pattern showing on each side. You can only wear these baubles with double collars."

I simply loathe double collars.

LITTLE COW HAY.

Stephen Culpepper
Of Little Cow Hay
Farmed four hundred acres—
As Audit-book say;
An' he rode on a flea-bitten
Fiddle-faced grey;

There's the house—in the hollow,
With gable an' eave,
But they've altered it so
That you wouldn't believe;—
Wouldn't know the old place
If he saw it—old Steve;

His dads an' his gran'dads
Had lived there before;—
Born, married an' died there—
At least half a score;
Big men the Culpeppers—
As high as the door!

His wife was a Makepeace—
An' none likelier,
For she'd five hundred pounds
When he married o' her;
An' a grey eye as kindly
As grey lavender;

He'd sweetest o' roses,
He'd soundest o' wheat;
Six sons—an' a daughter
To make 'em complete,
An' he always said Grace
When they sat down to meat!

He'd the Blessin' o' Heaven
On barnyard an' byre,
For he made the best prices
Of all in the shire;
An' he always shook hands
With the Parson an' Squire!

An' whether his markets
Had downs or had ups,
He walked 'em three couple
O' blue-mottle pups—
As clumsy as ducklings—
As crazy as tups!

But that must be nigh
Sixty seasons away,
When things was all diff'rent
D'ye see—an' to-day
There ain't no Culpeppers
At Little Cow Hay!



PEEPS INTO BIBLICAL THEATRICAL LIFE.

ARRIVAL OF ACTOR-MANAGER, LEADING LADY, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CAST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If I am not mistaken a good many people besides old Anglo-Indians will delight in Miss S. MACNAUGHTAN'S *Snow upon the Desert* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON). At the end of the story the young married woman who is its chief character—

Like snow upon the desert's dusky face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

But before she goes to meet old Charon, in spite of her occasionally sharp or rather reckless tongue, in spite of her carelessness about public opinion and the damning fact that a brilliant young V.C. had first sent in his papers and then shot himself because his love for her had broken his career and his heart, she had done far more than ninety-and-nine just persons to make life happier and smoother and more amusing for her fellow countrymen and countrywomen. "She came out here," says the author, "when she was very youthful, very full of courage, and with her beauty and her great charm to refresh us, and we loved her and blamed her, found fault with her, and could not do without her. We were not always merciful to her, but perhaps that need not be remembered now. At one time she was perhaps one of the most prominent figures in India, and certainly the most admired." And yet her life was a tragedy. To me she stands as a type of English womanhood in India, of the courage and sadness and self-sacrifice that so often accompany the apparently selfish pursuit of pleasure of that glittering exile. I speak of her as if she were a real person, which perhaps is the case. That, at any rate, is the effect that Miss MACNAUGHTAN has produced upon my mind. All

her characters are wonderfully alive, as if indeed they were not only types but realities. Some of them are very lovable, some, like their author, are distinctly humorous, and their story makes a clean, wholesome and refreshing book.

I used to revel in a tale
Of mediæval schemes and plottings,
Daggers averted by chain-mail,
Love philtres, poisons and garrottings;
So when *The House of Eyes* turned up,
A yarn of Milan in its glory
(HANCOCK AND GAY) I rushed to sup
Once more on horrors weird and gory.

But no such luck! I'm bound to state
This book of Mr. ARTHUR GEORGE'S
Recalled but did not recreate
My old-time literary orgies.
Either he lacks the vivid touch,
The skill, and other points that matter,
Or else, grown old, I ask too much;
And I'm afraid it's not the latter.

Mr. GEORGE ADE, in one of his *Fables in Slang*, giving a list of the various types of novels of the present day, mentions the "careful study of American life," in which nothing happens till the last chapter, when the hero decides to sell his cow. With the difference that, instead of selling the cow, the hero resolves to commit suicide, *The Bankrupt* (MARTIN SECKER) may be said to be the English equivalent of this kind of book. Mr. HORACE HORSNELL has given us, in his story of the life of *Oliver Clay*, as grey and depressing

a novel as I have ever read. *Oliver* "desired a permanent base on which to build his life," and, after several unsuccessful attempts to find it, gave up the struggle and, following the advice of MARCUS AURELIUS, "walked gravely and handsomely into the other world." Nothing of any moment brightened his life, and nothing of any moment brightens the story of it. He is so constituted that women do not interest him, nor religion, nor art, nor even the intellectual atmosphere of Hampstead. He tries them all in turn and they fail to grip him. The experiment of thinking for an instant of anybody except himself he omits to try. It is a pity, for it might have made all the difference. The question whether it was worth while to write a three hundred and sixteen page novel about this extraordinarily futile young man is one that need not be discussed. Mr. HORSNELL has done it, and done it so well that it is only occasionally that he allows the reader to be irritated. The irritation comes in the retrospect, when one wonders why the author should have concentrated his attention upon *Oliver* when, with his gift for character and his minute observation, he could have dealt equally well with some more stimulating hero.

Suppose we were playing a game in which I told you the characters and setting of a book, and you guessed the author. Well, with regard to *Watersprings* (SMITH, ELDER), I should say that the scene was partly laid in a country village and partly in Cambridge, and that the chief character was a don, a man charming, cultured, verging upon middle age, but still full of lively sympathies, surveying the world as from a college window, who—But before I got any further you would probably exclaim, "A. C. BENSON," and win. If, however, I had not been interrupted I might have gone on to tell you much more about the book: for example, that it is not a volume of meditations, but a real story, with several admirably studied characters, and a hero and heroine who marry. To be sure the action is less physical than emotional, but that you would expect; and I suppose there are few writers who can convey thoughts with a surer and more delicate touch than Mr. A. C. BENSON. Throughout I was fascinated by two things—his sense of atmosphere, and the skill with which he has presented the point of view of "forty and a bittock" when confronted with youth. *Howard Kennedy*, the central figure, is drawn with an extraordinary sympathy and minuteness; in his amiable but lonely college existence, his courtship, and the sorrow and consolations of his married life, the man is wonderfully human. There are other characters, too, which I should like to praise in detail—a most actual undergraduate for one, and his father, whose loquacious enthusiasm on every possible topic is a thing of pure joy. *Watersprings*, in short, is exactly the story, tender, introspective and lovable, that Mr. A. C. BENSON's countless admirers will most thank him for having written. I do so now.

I have just enjoyed a most pleasant and very inexpensive holiday in Venice and St. Petersburg with Mr. ROTHAY REYNOLDS as my guide, and only wish the story of *The Gondola* (MILLS AND BOON) were as fascinating as its atmosphere. The author of *My Russian Year* has used his knowledge to such good purpose that the setting of his tale is quite excellent, and I fear to seem a little insensible of benefits bestowed if I suggest that the only reason I can find for the laying of the opening scenes in Venice is that Mr. REYNOLDS wanted some excuse for his title. He would have done better for the construction of his book if he had laid them in St. Petersburg. But, even so, *The Gondola* remains an attractive love-story of the old-fashioned type. For one thing it has done me the rare service of an introduction to a charming Polish countess, for whose acquaintance I am peculiarly grateful. So accustomed have I grown to the abnormally wicked Polish countesses of modern fiction that it was difficult at first to believe in

Wanda's goodness; but as soon as I was convinced that she meditated no appalling crimes I fell quietly in love with her. *The Gondola* is a "first" novel, and its freshness and unpretentiousness ought to assure it a most cordial welcome.

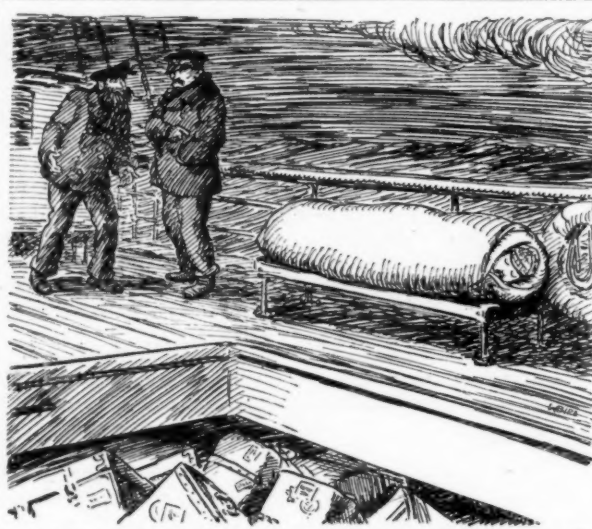
Those who would really like to have their whole-some flesh made to creep—a form of occasional exercise which has much to commend it—should plunge forthwith into *Undergrowth* (SECKER), wherein F. and E. BRETT-YOUNG have essayed to follow Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD in his none too easy genre, and have by no means failed. Matter-of-fact *Forsyth*, engineer in charge of the completion of a reservoir dam in a wild

Welsh valley, finds unaccountable sinister influences at work; strange accidents happen to men and machines, and a despairing depression of spirits settles over him. The mountains, the river, and the trees seem to him to have a threatening life, and the visionary Welsh shepherd, *Morgan*, "of the blood of Morgan Ap Owaine," quite simply accepting the fact that they have, drives home the stark reality to the terrified consciousness of this prosaic Glasgow man. He finds the diary of his predecessor, who, more in harmony with the spirit that moves in the undergrowth, has found the peace of death. With *Forsyth* the thing brings a decline to intemperance and despair, *Destiny*, like *Caliban upon Setebos*, choosing to act in this arbitrary way. Perhaps the authors had no strict right, as story-tellers, to leave suspended and unexplained the episode of wild *Meredith's* sacrifice of a sheep in the circle of stones on Pen Savaddan. But they have woven a convincing tissue of eeriness with the plausible suggestion of an esoteric knowledge which an unlearned reader may not challenge.

From an account of a wedding in *The B. E. Africa Leader*:—

"The parents were many and varied, there being 98 in all."

A motley collection, well repaying inspection.



["Buy one of our sleeping-bags and have a good night's rest when travelling."—ADVT.]

Second Mate. "WHO LEFT THAT SACK ON DECK? JUST HEAVE IT IN THE HOLD, WILL YER."